And slay thy Lady, that in thy life lyes,
By doing damned hate vpon thy selfe?
Why rayl'st thou on thy birth? the heauen and earth?
Since birth, and heauen and earth, all three doe meet
In thee at once, which thou at once would'st loose.
Fie, fie, thou sham'st thy shape, thy loue, thy wit,
Which like a Vsurer abound'st in all:
And vs'st none in that true vse indeed,
Which should be decke thy shape, thy loue, thy wit:
Thy noble shape is but a forme of waxe,
Digressing from the valour of a man.
Thy deare loue sworne, but hollow periurie,
Killing that loue which thou hast vowd to cherish,
Thy wit, that ornament, to shape and loue,
Misse-shapen in the conduct of them both:
Like powder in a skill-lesse Souldiers flaske,
Is set a fire by thine owne ignorance,
And thou dismembred with thine owne defence.
What, rowse thee man, thy *Iuliet* is aliue,
For whose deare sake thou wast but lately dead.
There art thou happy, *Tibalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tibalt*, there art thou happy.
The Law that threatned death becomes thy friend,
And turnes it to exile, there art thou happie.
A packe of blessings lights vpon thy backe,
Happinesse courts thee in her best array;
But like a misbehau'd and sullen Wench,
Thou powts vpon thy fortune and thy loue:
Take heed, take heed, for such dye miserable.
Goe get thee to thy Loue as was decreed,
Ascend her Chamber, hence and comfort her:
But looke thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not passe to *Mantua*,
Where thou shalt liue till we can find a time
To blaze your Marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the Prince and call thee backe,
With twentie hundred thousand times more ioy

Then

Then thou went'st forth in lam
Goe before *Nurse*, commend
And bid her hasten all the hou
Which heauie sorrow makes th
Romeo is comming.

Nur. O Lord, I could haue
To heare good counsell, oh w
My Lord, Ile tell my Lady you

Ro. Doe so, and bid my Sw

Nur. Here sir, a Ring she bi
Hie you, make haste, for it gro

Ro. How well my comfort

Fri. Goe hence, goodnight
Either be gone before the wat
Or by the breake of day disgui
Soiourne in *Mantua*, Ile find
And he shall signifie from time
Euery good hap to you, that ch
Giue me thy hand, 'tis late, fare

Ro. But that a ioy past ioy c
It were a griefe, so briefe to par
Farewell.

Enter old Capulet

Ca. Things haue falne out si
That we haue had no time to m
Looke you, she lou'd her Kinsm
And so did I. Well we were bo
'Tis very late, shee'l not come d
I promise you, but for your com
I would haue beene a bed an hou

Paris. These times of wo, affo
Madam goodnight, commend m

La. I will, and know her min
To night she is mewed vp to her

Ca. Sir *Paris*, I will make a d
Of my childes loue. I thinke she w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34